

PAKNADEL · MANNA · ARCINIEGA

CARNAGE



MARVEL
12



YEARS AGO, THE VENOM SYMBIOTE SPAWNED, AND ITS OFFSPRING BONDED TO
SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY. IMBUED WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, SPEED,
ENDURANCE AND POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN,
KASADY AND HIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL "OTHER" SHARE A UNIQUE BOND AND HAVE
LONG TERRORIZED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AS...

CARNAGE

THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE HAS BEEN REJECTED BY THE ONLY HOST IT'S EVER
KNOWN--THE SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY. WITHOUT A HOST, CARNAGE HAS
SPENT WEEKS CONSUMING THE ABILITIES OF SUPER-POWERED INDIVIDUALS AND
MAKING ITSELF STRONGER FOR PURPOSES UNKNOWN. IT HAS ALSO TAKEN AN
INTEREST IN NYPD DETECTIVE JONATHAN SHAYDE, WHICH DOESN'T BODE WELL
FOR THE DETECTIVE.

MEANWHILE, CLETUS HAS BEEN UNDERGOING CHANGES OF HIS OWN. HIS SOUL
CURRENTLY INHABITS AN OTHERWORLDLY SYMBIOTE DRAGON, ITSELF INFUSED
WITH THE HIGHLY ADVANCED EXTREMIS VIRUS. CLETUS HAS ALSO FOUND A
NEW COMPANION IN A SERIAL KILLER NAMED KENNETH NEELY, WHO HAS LONG
IDOLIZED CLETUS. BUT NEELY MIGHT BE LEARNING THAT THERE'S TRUTH IN THE
OLD ADAGE: "NEVER MEET YOUR HEROES."

NOW CLETUS IS BACK IN NEW YORK, AND WITH HIS NEW FORM THAT IS PART
SYMBIOTE, PART STARK TECH, HE'S MORE POWERFUL--AND MORE DANGEROUS--
THAN EVER BEFORE.

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THEY SAY BROOKLYN'S
ANOTHER PLANET.

IT'S CERTAINLY FELT
THAT WAY EVER SINCE
THE FANTASTIC FOUR
SET UP SHOP IN
MANHATTAN.

A BROOKLYNITE'S WINDOWS
WILL SOMETIMES RATTLE WITH
THE FOOTFALL OF GODS AND
MONSTERS, BUT FOR THE
MOST PART, THE MADNESS
OF MANHATTAN STAYS THERE.

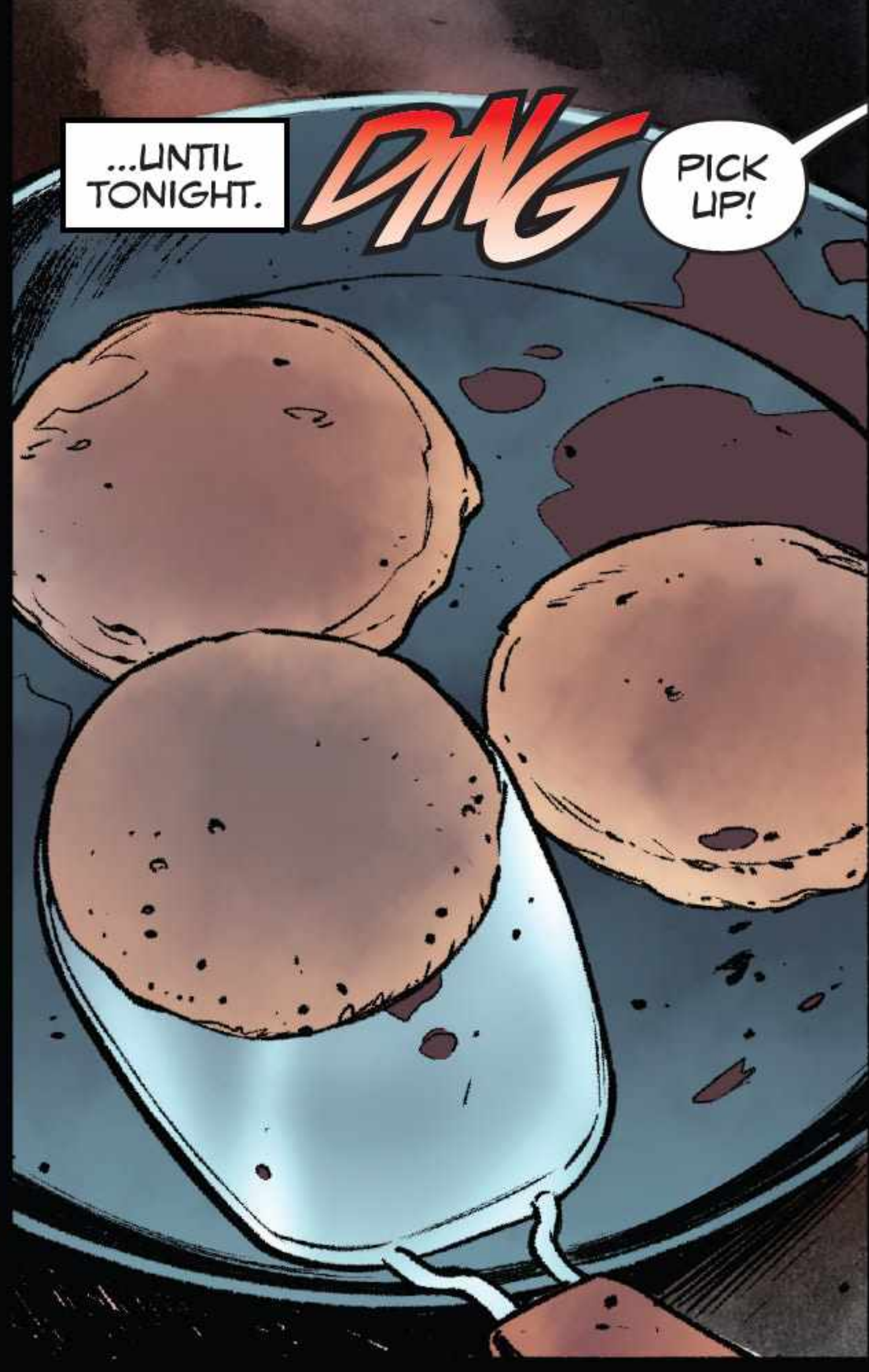
TODD'S DINER SITS AT THE
INTERSECTION OF ST. MARKS AND
BUFFALO AVENUES, AND IT'S ALWAYS
FELT A THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM
THAT BREATHLESS WORLD OF EYE
BEAMS AND ENCHANTMENTS.

IT HAS A DWINDLING YET
LOYAL CLIENTELE, MOST
OF WHOM REMEMBER
WHEN TODD HIMSELF WAS
STILL BEHIND THE GRIDDLE.

SURE, IT'S HAD ITS FAIR
SHARE OF DRAMA, BUT
NOTHING UNUSUAL FOR A
MAJOR AMERICAN CITY.

*Todd's
Diner*

NO, TODD'S HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A PLACE OF BAD
COFFEE AND BIG
SMILES--A PLACE OF
SANCTUARY...



...UNTIL TONIGHT.

DING

PICK UP!



THANK YOU, SLICK.

AND, UH...I ORDERED SOME STEAK AND EGGS ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO?

OH, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, SIR. LEMME GO SEE WHAT THE HOLDUP IS AND I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



THAT'S QUITE THE APPETITE YOU HAVE, CLETUS. YOU MUST HAVE AN IMPRESSIVE METABOLISM.

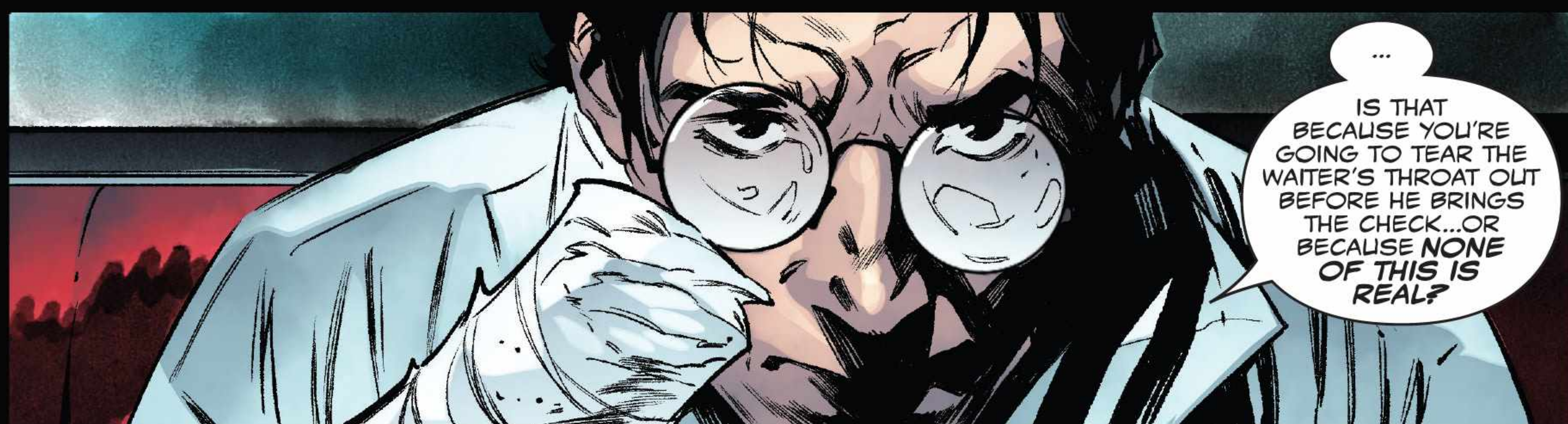
OH, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

BUT YOU LOOK ILL AT EASE, KEN. WHY DON'T YOU ORDER SOMETHING?

I'VE JUST BEEN TO **SPACE**. I'M A LITTLE LIGHT ON CASH AT THE MOMENT.



MMM. I HAVE A FEELING OUR CREDIT'S GOOD HERE.

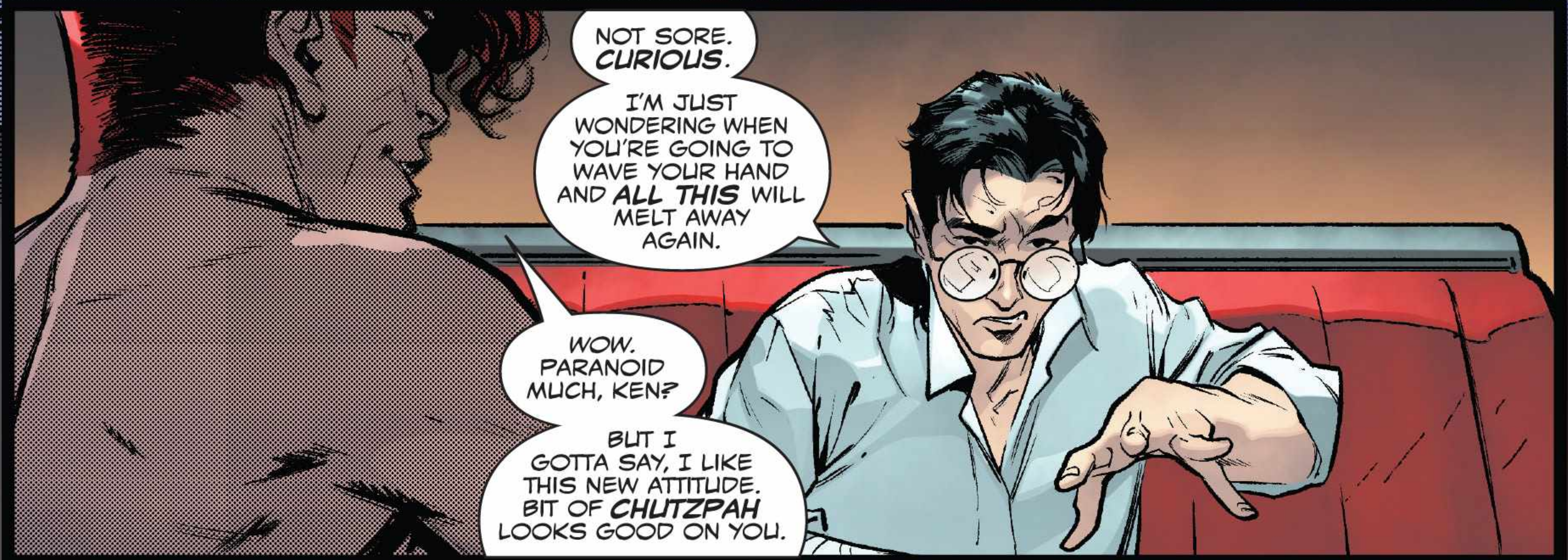


...
IS THAT BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO TEAR THE WAITER'S THROAT OUT BEFORE HE BRINGS THE CHECK...OR BECAUSE **NONE OF THIS IS REAL?**



MMF!
SHOMEONE'SH--
SHLORPP!---SHTILL
SHORE ABOUT THAT
LITTLE PRANK I PLAYED
ON 'EM BACK IN
THE ORPHANAGE,
HMM?*

SEE LAST ISH!
--EDITOR



NOT SORE.
CURIOUS.

I'M JUST
WONDERING WHEN
YOU'RE GOING TO
WAVE YOUR HAND
AND **ALL THIS** WILL
MELT AWAY
AGAIN.

WOW.
PARANOID
MUCH, KEN?

BUT I
GOTTA SAY, I LIKE
THIS NEW ATTITUDE.
BIT OF **CHUTZPAH**
LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.



WE DON'T HAVE **TIME** FOR
THIS. CARNAGE DRAWS
EVER CLOSER TO HIS
GOAL, AND YOU--



MY
GOAL, KEN!
MINE!

MY
PLAN, MY
GOAL.

I'M...SORRY.
I WAS UNDER
THE IMPRESSION
THAT NONE OF
THIS BOTHERED
YOU.



IT DOESN'T.
YOUR RUDENESS
DID.

NOW, WHERE
THE %&\$# ARE
MY STEAK AND
EGGS?!

HEY, BOSS, YOU MIND
TAKIN' IT DOWN A
NOTCH?

IT'S A BUSY
TIME, AND YOU KINDA
ATE ENOUGH TO FEED
THE JETS' OFFENSIVE
LINE **ALREADY**, YA
KNOW? JUST
BE PATIENT.

...

JUST BE
PATIENT.



EXCUSE
ME? EXCUSE
ME, SIR?

CAN
I HELP
YOU?

I SURELY
HOPE SO. MAY I
ASK, DOES THE NAME
"CLETUS KASADY"
MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?



WHY DO
YOU WANNA
KNOW?

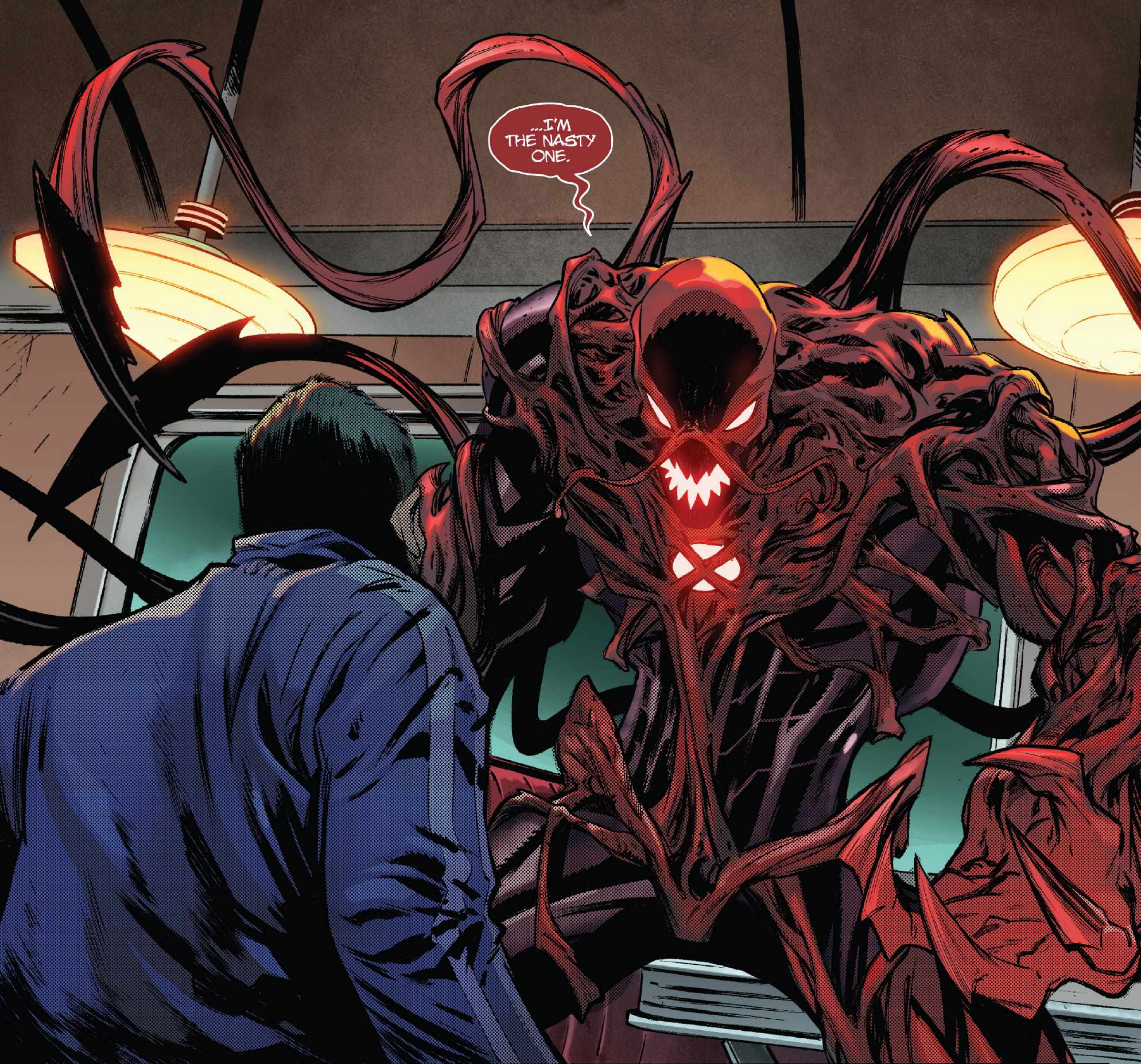
INDULGE
ME.

I MEAN,
SURE. I KNOW
WHO CLETUS
KASADY IS...



YOU
MEAN **CARNAGE**,
RIGHT?

~SIGH~
PEOPLE ARE
ALWAYS GETTING
US CONFUSED, BUT
PERHAPS THIS'LL
HELP...



AM I DEAD?
PLEASE LET ME
BE DEAD.

TO LIVE IS
TO **SUFFER**.
DETECTIVE...

...AND
YOUR SUFFERING
HAS BARELY
BEGUN.

WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE?

TRY NOT TO
TAMPER WITH THE
SCENERY. THESE ARE
YOUR MEMORIES--
MINE TO READ LIKE
A CALFSKIN MAP.

YOU DON'T
THINK I'D WREATH
JUST **ANYONE** IN
MY GLORY,
DO YOU?

I'M
A **DISCERNING**
PARASITE. I NEED TO
ASSESS YOUR SUITABILITY
AS A HOST, AND SO THERE
MUST FIRST BE AN
ACCOUNTING.

OF?

OF
YOU, JON
SHAYDE.



KRAK

FEEL BETTER?

POLK.

YES, DETECTIVE CLYDE POLK. YOUR OLD PARTNER.

QUITE THE FIERY ONE, ISN'T HE?

KINGPIN, YOU SONLVA--!!!

LOOK AT 'EM, YOU CIRCUS FREAK!

SOME NEW HEADSHOTS, DETECTIVE POLK? IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CAREER CHANGE, I HAVE SOME FRIENDS ON BROADWAY WHO'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO HE--

CLYDE... COME ON.

NOT THIS TIME, JONNY. HE CAN'T KEEP WALKIN' LIKE THIS!

FWAP



YOU SEEM
A LITTLE OUT OF
SORTS, DETECTIVE
POLK...

...PERHAPS
YOU SHOULD
LISTEN TO CATHERINE
AND TAKE THAT TRIP
TO SCOTLAND YOU
TALKED ABOUT.

YOU
F---!!!

I ALWAYS
LIKED THIS
ONE.

HE PLAYS
WITH HIS FOOD,
JUST LIKE GLE--
JUST LIKE
ME.

FOUR...
FOUR STATE'S
WITNESSES BUTCHERED
IN UNDER 48 HOURS!
WE HAD YOU!

I KNOW
YOU DID
IT!

CLYDE,
FOR GOD'S
SAKE, PUT THAT
AWAY!

YOU
PEOPLE...

...ALL THOSE
WIDOWS AND
ORPHANS IN YOUR
WAKE--ALL THAT
BLOOD--AND YOU
STILL GET INVITED
TO THE MET
GALA.

TRUTH
JUST...**BENDS**
AROUND YOU,
DON'T IT?

YOU
HOLSTER THAT
\$%#& AND YOU
DO IT **RIGHT**
NOW. YOU
HEAR ME?!

WE HAVE
TO TAKE
FISK DOWN
RIGHT!

TRUST THE
SYSTEM, CLYDE.
HE'LL GET WHAT'S
COMING TO
HIM.

W-WE CAN'T,
JONNY!

EVERYTHING
SLIDES OFF
HIM LIKE WARM
BUTTER!

...
HE'D **BETTER**,
JONNY.

BUT
HE DIDN'T...
DID HE?

...
HE
WAS THE
MAYOR.

AND WHAT
HAPPENED TO
DETECTIVE POLK
HERE?

DRINK.
DIVORCE. ALL
THE CLICHÉS.

ENOUGH
BLOATED BODIES
IN THE HUDSON TO
WALK CLEAR ACROSS
IT TO JERSEY, AND YOU
COULD HAVE STOPPED
IT ALL THOSE
YEARS AGO.

WHAT A
DISAPPOINTMENT
YOU ARE, JON
SHAYDE.

PERHAPS
I CHOSE MY
NEW HOST
POORLY.

DOMINIC'S DREAMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MODEST AS DREAMS GO: AN APARTMENT CLOSER TO PROSPECT PARK, A RECORD STORE OF HIS VERY OWN... PERHAPS SOMEONE TO CLING TO IN THE FOG.

HE GOT HIS RECORD STORE EVENTUALLY. THE REGULARS AT TODD'S EVEN THREW A LEAVING PARTY FOR HIM, BUT A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE LANDLORD HIKED THE RENT, AND THAT WAS THAT.

OH MY GOD, OH GOD, HELP ME.

PUTTING THE APRON BACK ON WASN'T SO BAD. THE REGULARS, CLEARLY FOREWARNED, ACTED AS THOUGH HE'D NEVER LEFT.

NO!!!

ONE OF THEM, KURT JENSEN, WAS EVEN LOOKING INTO CASHING IN HIS 401K SO HE COULD **BUY** THE DINER FROM TODD AND MAYBE PUT DOM IN CHARGE.

SKLTH

THAT WON'T HAPPEN NOW, BECAUSE KURT DOESN'T HAVE A HEAD.

C-C-COME ON!!!

PLEASE DON'T DO THAT.

N-NLH...
NLH...

I'M SORRY, SIR--TRULY--BUT WE CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING THE POLICE.

MISTER KASADY'S BEEN HOUSEBOUND FOR QUITE A WHILE, AND I THINK HIS EXUBERANCE MAY HAVE GOTTEN THE BETTER OF HIM, THAT'S ALL.

WOULD IT COMFORT YOU TO KNOW THAT HE MAY BE ABOUT TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE?

SHLORRR!!!
KRNGH!!

NO. NO, I SUPPOSE IT WOULDN'T.



I'VE FIGURED THEM OUT, I THINK-- BOTH OF THEM.

THEY WANT--NO, THEY NEED A--



DON'T YOU DARE SMASH THAT PHONE, YOU TAPEWORM!

UUGGGH!!!



THE CLETUS KASADY SHOW IS NOT ONE OF YOUR BOLGIE ART-HOUSE AFFAIRS, KEN...

...IT'S WHOLESOME, FOUR-QUADRANT FAMILY FUN!



HERE YOU GO, SIR. YOU GO MAKE YOUR CALL.

B-BUT YOU'RE G-GLUH-GOING TO...



OH, I'M GOING TO LET YOU LIVE A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. SEE...



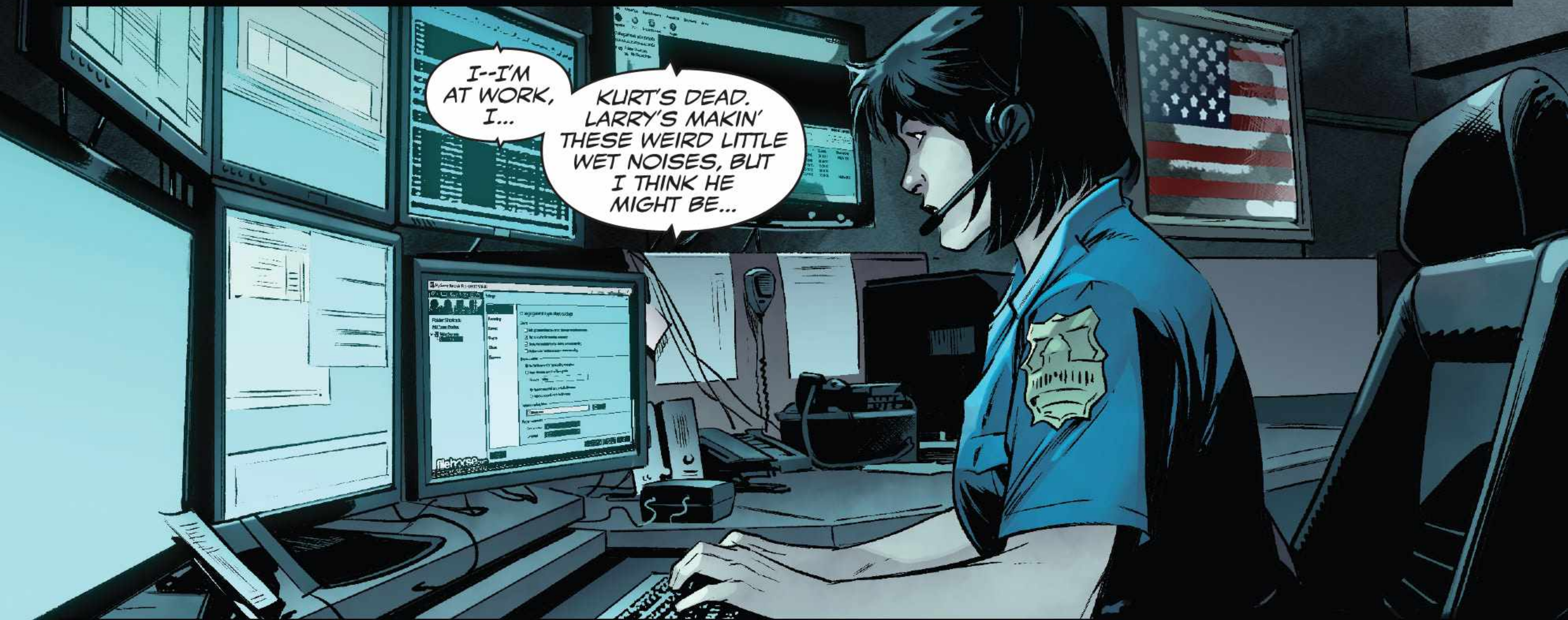
...I STILL
WANT MY STEAK
AND EGGS.

"NINE-ONE-ONE,
WHAT'S YOUR
EMERGENCY?"



H-HE'S
K-KILLING
EVERYBODY.

...
I'M SORRY,
SIR, WHERE
ARE YOU RIGHT
NOW?



I--I'M
AT WORK,
I...

KURT'S DEAD.
LARRY'S MAKIN'
THESE WEIRD LITTLE
WET NOISES, BUT
I THINK HE
MIGHT BE...

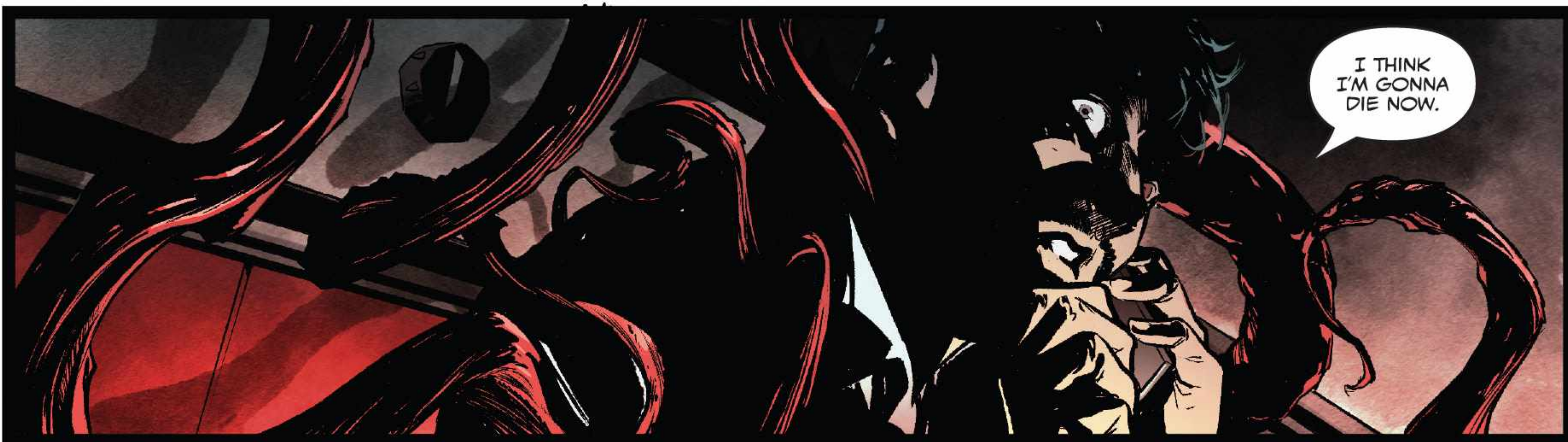


SIR, I NEED
YOU TO FOCUS
UP FOR A SECOND,
OKAY? PLEASE
TELL ME WHERE
YOU ARE.

TODD'S
DINER IN,
UH...CROWN
HEIGHTS.



BUT
TODD'S NOT...
HE LEFT.



I THINK
I'M GONNA
DIE NOW.

ST. ESTES ORPHANAGE.

MAN, WHAT A MESS. WHO CALLED THIS IN AGAIN?

ANONYMOUS TIP. SOUNDED LIKE A KID.

HE'LL BE HAVING A COUPLE TOP-SHELF NIGHTMARES TONIGHT. I KNOW I WILL.

~KRSH!~
ALL UNITS...
ALL UNITS...

...WE HAVE A 10-33 IN PROGRESS AT TODD'S DINER ON THE CORNER OF BUFFALO AND ST. MARKS. POSSIBLE HOSTAGE SITUATION, OVER.

AH, CRAP. WE GOTTA BOOK...

WE'VE GOT IT FROM HERE, GUYS. GO DO YOUR THING.

ROGER THAT, DISPATCH. WE ARE EN ROUTE, OVER.

~SIGH~
ALWAYS AT THE END OF MY SHIFT.

I'M IN SO MUCH TROUBLE.



WAY TO GO, MILES. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING DAD AND MAMI MOVE INTO OUR NEW PLACE, BUT THE BAD GLYS JUST WON'T STOP CRIMING.

I'VE STOPPED LIKE A BAJILLION CARJACKINGS TODAY. THEN I HAD TO GO CHECK OUT THIS CREEPY ABANDONED ORPHANAGE WHERE A STREAMER GANKE LIKES WENT MISSING. THAT ONE GOT PRETTY **GNARLY**.*

AND NOW I'M FOLLOWING THE COPS TO A POSSIBLE HOSTAGE SITUATION AT SOME DINER.

NINETY-NINE TIMES OUT OF A HUNDRED, THESE THINGS ARE ALL WRAPPED UP BY THE TIME I GET THERE. I COULD PROBABLY SWING HOME RIGHT NOW AND HEAD OFF THE WORST OF THE YELLING...

*SEE CARNAGE #8. --ED.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS
THAT ONE TIME OUT
OF A HUNDRED...

TO THE
INDIVIDUAL OR
INDIVIDUALS INSIDE,
PLEASE LISTEN
TO ME...

Todd's
Diner

I AM SERGEANT
CHLOE AHMED OF
THE NEW YORK POLICE
DEPARTMENT. OUR HOSTAGE-
NEGOTIATION TEAM IS EN
ROUTE, BUT I AM AUTHORIZED
TO ASK IF ANYONE INSIDE
REQUIRES MEDICAL
ATTENTION AT
THIS TIME.

HELLO? I
ASK AGAIN, IS
ANYONE INSIDE
HURT? WE HAVE
EMTS ON STANDBY, SO
PLEASE RELEASE
THEM INTO OUR
CUSTODY.

I AM ALSO
AUTHORIZED TO
ASK IF YOU HAVE
ANY SPECIAL
REQUESTS.

ONLY ONE,
SERGEANT...

CATCH.

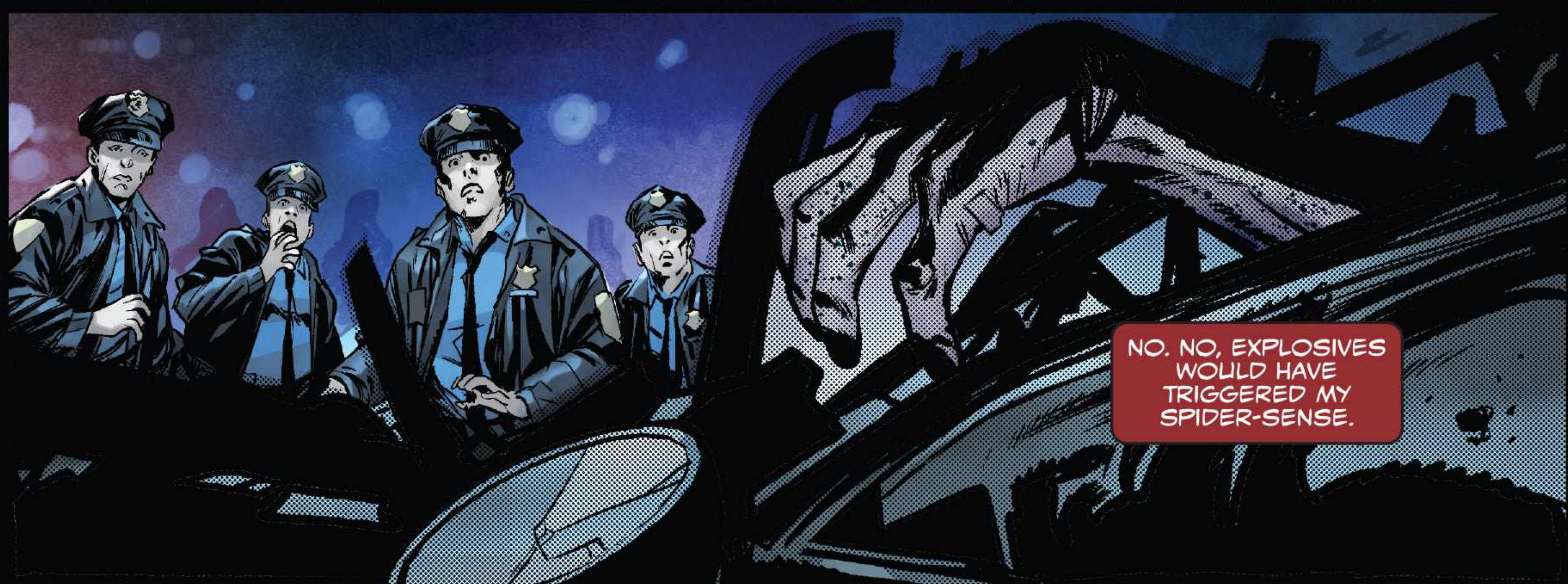


Todd's Diner

WH-WHAT
THE H-HELL
WAS THAT?



OH WOW! I FELT THAT IN MY **TEETH**. DID A **BOMB** JUST GO OFF OR...?



NO. NO, EXPLOSIVES WOULD HAVE TRIGGERED MY SPIDER-SENSE.



THIS WAS SOMETHING ELSE. THIS WAS SOMETHING...

OH NO.



NOT HIM.

PLEASE, ANYTHING BUT HIM.



NEXT: CARNAGE REIGNS ALPHA

ON SALE IN MAY

CARNAGE RULES, AND THE CRIMSON-CLAD
CREATURE CRAVES YOUR LETTERS!
SEND YOUR NOTES TO
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM.
BE SURE TO MARK THEM
"OKAY TO PRINT"! —TOM



